

## THE REPUBLICAN.

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## GOOD MORNING, SUMMER.

Tell me, Oh, Summer! where do you fold your garments of beauty in Winter's stern cold? How fashioned the form and hue of your robe in the cold crystal halls of his icy abode? All nestled and huddled and tucked in your bed Who rattled the key to life up your head And whisper arise! The sun with great care Has brushed the cold gems from out your soft hair. And sits you to seek to tissue and thread, You hold in your shuttle when blossoms were dead, And bids you to gild the fibre and flow With bright, happy smiles, and gleeful head-toss. To roll up your woe in billows of light And lit through the warp and sunbeams so bright. Then soften it with sweet falling dew, Then gleam on it all the rainbow's full hue. How modestly Summer gives back her replies, How unassuming she is in the sky's blue. Wrought in and without in ruby and gold To let the sun read in each fold. "While the earth standeth in beauty and peace, Sun-line and harvest shall nevermore cease."

## A Bachelor's Story.

I am an old bachelor. At 65 I can say I shall never be anything else, but like all other men—all that I ever met, at least—I have loved and hoped to be happy with my chosen bride.

That passion and those hopes faded forty years ago. Since then I have done penance for the hasty act of one night. I have shunned the society of women, and forbade myself the shadow of a hope that I might patch my shattered joys with new ones.

To none who knew me have I ever told the tale. I knew I have been esteemed a liar or a madman, and no one would willingly accept such a reputation. To you, unknown reader, I dare recite the events of those four and twenty hours—events which turned my life into its well-worn channel, and made me the lonely, hopeless man that I am.

At the age of 24 I was a clerk in the office of Messrs. Chapin & Cavill, lawyers. I had energy and ambition, health and opportunity, everything in fact that could be wished for a man who hoped to fight his way up in the world and win wealth and reputation.

I was engaged to a young lady by the name of Grace Hunter, a pretty, delicate creature, so quiet that her pet name, Snowflake, seemed to be the only one suitable to her. Her step was noiseless, her movements soft, and her voice sweet and low. She never herself entertained a large company by her conversation, nor did she possess any of those things which give a woman a reputation for brilliancy, but her mental powers were very fine, and in a tete-a-tete she was enchanting. A lady to the heart's core, in my eye at least a perfect beauty, she might have been forgotten by most men in a room full of giggling girls.

I adored her. I felt that her love was a jewel worthy of an emperor's wearing, and I scarcely dared to tell her the words that told her all I felt. Even then her high-bred reserve kept me at a distance. I was proud of her. She was at once the saint whom it was my delight to cherish and protect until death should us part.

Six months had passed away since she had promised to be mine. At the end of six months more she was to give me her hand. I had a small salary, but my grandmother had left me a legacy which would enable me to go to house-keeping in a plain comfortable style, and Grace was willing to fight life's battles by my side.

Life seemed bright and joyous to me on that night of mid-winter forty years ago, when I walked through the city streets with Grace upon my arm, when looking down at her in her white wrappings, with streams of frosty rain-light touching her black hair, wondering if the angels were fairer than she was.

We were going to spend the evening at a mutual friend's residence. There was to be music and dancing and cards and a social supper. I went because Grace desired to go.

Her sole society at her own home was more delightful to me than any other company, but I was young and light of heart, and when I had once entered the lighted parlors I did not sit silent in the corner.

I talked, I sang, I turned the music for musical young ladies, I walked through the lancers. At last I found myself flirting with one of the female guests.

There are women a man is obliged to flirt with. He does not admire them or love them one whit; he does not even desire their society; but he must be even more than man ere he can refuse to respond to their advances. One of these women I now know, having been a looker on for so many years, can make any man appear desperately in love with her, when he almost detests her. A woman of that kind was the company. She had hands that de-lighted in soft touches of hands massaged; eyes that could cast glances bright and entrancing. She possessed attractions rather than beauty. What she said was nothing, but her conversation had no interest, but I knew I seemed absorbed; in two words I flirted abominably with her.

Grace, meanwhile, sat apart from me and talked to others in her low, sweet tones. Once she sang a pretty love song. Quite calm and self-possessed, with no appearance of noticing my conduct, she thought that it troubled her never occurred to me, so that when

the evening was over and we had left the house together, I was astonished beyond measure to see an offended look upon her face and hear an offended tone in her voice. "I offered her my arm," she rejected it, replying that the ground was damp and that her hands were occupied with her dress; but I knew that this was merely a pretext, and feeling myself in the wrong, and having swallowed more wine than I should at the supper table, I grew very angry.

"May I ask what I have done?" I said. "You know," said Grace. "I know," I repeated. "Nay, I know nothing of a woman's fancies. You must explain."

"I scarcely think it worth while," said she. "If you do not know that you have done wrong to-night, I really should not care. You have neglected me, and devoted yourself to that vulgar woman. I heard a lady near me say that you seemed tired of your bargain. She thought you were in love with that creature. So did other people. Under the circumstances I have a right to feel offended, insulted."

Perhaps she thought I would deny my charge. Perhaps she expected me to plead for pardon. God only knows what possessed me. I answered her only—

"May I not talk to a pretty woman because I hope to marry you some day?"

"You were flirting—almost making love to her," she replied.

"She is the sort of a woman with whom men fall in love," I replied. "Irresistible in her manner, I've heard she makes conquests everywhere; I do not doubt it."

Grace looked at me with a stern face, white in the starlight as a marble statue.

"Other women are always jealous of such women," I added.

"I am not jealous of her," she said. "I would not be like her for a kingdom. She is a terrible woman. But since you admire her so you are free to tell her so after you have seen me to my door."

"Miss Hunter, if you please, Mr. Rutherford," she said, "we have both made a little mistake, easily rectified, that is all."

I felt as I stood looking at her that the effects of the wine I had drunk upon me was stronger than I had thought but I gave no heed to the warning of my giddy head and rapid pulse.

"Just as you please," I said. "I should think that a jealous woman would curse any man's life. I'll go now, I won't trouble you any longer. Good-bye."

We were not at the door of her house; we were about half a block from it, but I turned on my heel and there and left her. I staggered a little as I walked away, and I was hot and angry. I made my way home, and without undressing, fell upon my bed and dropped asleep.

In two hours I awakened sober. I sat up and looked about me. The scenes of the evening recurred to me vividly. I saw how blameworthy I had been, and a terrible grief oppressed me. I put my hand down upon my head and burst into tears. I had lost her and all that life held precious. Then hope dawned upon my soul. I would write to her; tell her how, unused to liquor as I was, the wine had affected me. I would tell her that my sober self there was no claim in the person who had seemed to enchant me the evening before.

I would draw the comparison I felt so keenly between her pure self and the bold-eyed flirt. I would pray for forgiveness, and she would forgive me. Springing to my feet, I rushed to my desk. I drew from it pen and paper, and wrote a letter overflowing with remorse and tenderness. I read it and re-read it. Then leaving it upon the spot where it was written, I stood at the window and waited for the tardy dawn, very jealous of the slow hours that kept my mistress away from my darling.

I had put out my candle when I left my desk, but as I turned my head, a beam of light and anxious reverie, I saw after a long and anxious reverie, I saw it was full of a pale radiance like that of moonlight. It startled me. Whence did the light come? Had a miracle occurred? Had the moon risen again?

Sudden! amid the silver light, appeared a still white radiance. It slowly took form. A female figure in white garments, so bright that they dazzled the eye, stood bending over my letter.

I remained motionless—to speak or stir was not in my power—and I gazed on the strange object with terrified intensity. The figure seemed to turn the pages of my letter with its transparent hands. I heard a gentle sigh, and I saw a head turned towards me and I saw a face I knew—the face that seemed the loveliest on earth to me, endowed with a mysteriously divine beauty for which no man can find words—the glorified face of Grace Hunter.

At the sight I burst the bonds that held me—hands as tangible as though I could have seen them—and rushed forward. I strove to grasp my love, or her shadow in my arms. A shock, such as one might experience from an electric machine, flashed through me, and I fell powerless to the floor.

What was my said of Jeremiah Black politically, it is certain he is a great lawyer and a remarkable orator. A man of original thought, great natural abilities and wonderful memory, gifted with a most vivid imagination, a head stored with profound and extensive learning, he is one of the most attractive and interesting speakers or companions to be found in any country. Rich in anecdote and illustration, he is never at a loss in his speeches "to point a moral or adorn a tale," and the Judges of the Supreme Court always listen to him with especial attention and satisfaction. Some years ago he was retained to argue the appeal case upon the Good-year patent claim, and the argument he made in that case attracted unusual attention. The cause was one which had been decided by three of the Judges upon their circuits against his client, and to gain his suit he had to secure the favorable decision of the other five Judges in order to obtain a reversal, only eight Judges being upon the bench. The testimony in the case, the briefs of counsel, and decisions of the Courts filled several volumes. Judge Black spoke for three hours without note, making one of the most masterly arguments heard for years. His ridicule of Good-year and his claims as a scientific inventor, kept the Court in constant laughter, while his splendid bursts of eloquence in reciting the benedictions to mankind of Galileo, Newton, and others—men, he said, "who walked the mountain ranges of science"—were acknowledged by the almost breathless audience of Court and spectators. He handled the testimony with equal skill, never at a loss for the name of a witness, and quoting his language so accurately that the opposing counsel in no instance corrected him. He read no law book, but from his vast stores of knowledge cited decision after decision, giving book, title and page, showing the powers of his marvelous memory to the finest advantage. It appeared as though he was making the great effort of his life, as he enriched his argument with illustrations drawn from nature, science, history, the Bible, literature, art, and poetry. All seemed ready to his hand, and appropriate to the occasion. At the close of an effort marked even in that high Court as an unusual display of intellectual power, Judge Davis, who sat on the extreme right of the Chief Justice, called the Marshal to his side, saying, "It is useless to deny it; Judge Black is the most magnificent orator at the American bar."

A few days after at a dinner party, this compliment was repeated to Judge Black in the presence of several gentlemen. Judge Black at once ceased eating, and very gravely replied: All of you will remember the difficulty Lord Jeffrey originally had with Byron and the mischief it occasioned. After his publication of Childie Harold, Murray, his publisher, wrote a letter to Byron upon business, and in the course of it remarked: "Jeffrey says your poem of Childie Harold is the finest thing in the English language, and you are the greatest of living or dead poets." Byron answered the letter in a purely business fashion, making no allusion to the compliment he so highly prized, but after signing his name added a postscript in these words, and here Judge's eyes twinkled merrily: "P. S.—Jeffrey is a—good fellow, and understands my case exactly."

## Judge Jerry Black.

One Saturday night, the President asked me if I had any objection to accompanying him to a photographer's on Sunday. He said that it was impossible for him to go on any other day, and he would like to have me see him "set." One day, we went together, and as he was leaving the house he stopped and said, "Hold on, I have forgotten Everett!" Stepping hastily back, he brought with him a folded paper, which he explained was a printed copy of the oration Mr. Everett was to deliver, in a few days, at Gettysburg. It occupied nearly the whole of two pages of the "Boston Journal," and looked very formidable indeed. As we walked away from the house, Lincoln said, "It was very kind in Mr. Everett to send me this. I suppose he was afraid I should say something that he wanted to say. He needn't have been alarmed. My speech isn't long."

"So it is written, is it, then?" I asked. "Well, no," was the reply. "It is not exactly written. It is not finished, anyway. I have written it over, two or three times, and I shall have to give it another lick before I am satisfied. But it is short, short, short."

I found, afterward, that the Gettysburg speech was actually written, and rewritten a great many times. The several draughts and interlineations of that famous address, if in existence, would be an invaluable memento of its great author. Lincoln took the copy of Everett's oration with him to the photographer's, thinking "he might have time to look it over while waiting for the operator. But he chatted so constantly, and asked so many questions about the art of photography, that he scarcely opened it. The folded paper is seen lying on the table, near the President, in the picture which was made that day.

So far as I know, this was the last time Lincoln ever sat for his photograph. Unfortunately, the negative plate was broken after a few impressions had been printed from it, and though Lincoln promised to give the photographer another sitting, he never found time.

## The Last Picture of Lincoln.

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## One-Scout Dinner and Two-Scout Dinner.

Since the advent of hard times and the disappearance of hard cash, the question of cheap living has been an important one. Especially has the subject of cheap and wholesome meals engrossed the attention of housekeepers of late. This latter question is one of daily recurrence. Indeed, it is one of three-times-a-day recurrence; and with a view to bringing the best methods of preparing cheap meals before those who desire to live on as few cents as possible, we publish below some recipes from the little hatcher—no! we mean little book—little book of Miss Costum, entitled "Two Scents a Day, and No Dinner"—for sale by all news-dealers; price non-sense. The first recipe is this for

"A One-Scout Dinner.—Take of onions a half-peck; scald them over night, or over the sink, and let them stand four hours and twenty-seven minutes. Or, better still, let them set on the table half that time, as then they will not be so tired, and they will be stronger. Then put them in the pot and let them boil, taking care that they do not 'go to pot' in the meantime. Serve them in a tureen, or a threecreen—It doesn't matter much which—and you will have a nice one-scent dinner."

"A Two-Scout Dinner.—Take of cod-fish two pounds or two ounces—either will have the same effect—and chop it up fine; the finer the better. While you are doing this let your assistant mix a thick batter—if she refuses, batter her head—and after you have the fish disintegrated, mix it with the batter. There is nothing scaly about this. Incorporate the meat with the batter thoroughly, and bake in balls, parties, or societies, in a slow fire—say a mile in twenty-three hours. Also, take a cabbage-leaf—the feet, hands, legs, arms, or body will not do, and must not be used—and after removing the hair, cut off the nose, and pin the ears under the chin. Next boil in a pot/better-pot for a cubby-age; and then strain through a colander. Be sure to strain, if you can; if you can't, why struggle, anyway. Serve the fish and cabbage, with—anything they want, provided they make only modest demands. By following these directions you will have a cheap two-scent dinner, and you will also incense the neighbors."

"A Quarter Dinner.—A quarter of beef, quarter-pound of flour, quarter of a potato, quarter of a carrot, and quarter-or-pint of water. Mix flour and water, and stew-meat and vegetables. Don't get into a stew yourself, even if you are a steward."

"If you can afford a Three-Quarter Dinner, it can be made in the same way as the foregoing, if the proportion of each ingredient be increased threefold."

"A nice thing for the sick is Shadow Tea. This is made as follows: Fill a large jar—a family jar is not suitable—with water, and to every eleven gallons add fourdrops of milk. Let it remain very tranquil until the milk has become well absorbed by the water. Then place the jar on the south side of the house, and the first bright day hold a tea-leaf four feet from the jar, and directly between the jar and the sun. You will see a dark object, shaped like the leaf, upon the surface of the decoction. When you remove the leaf, it leaves too. Bottle the tea, and it is ready for use. This tea is

recommended in case of low fever—ten degrees below zero, or thereabouts."

"To make cheap Sponge-Cake.—Purchase a piece of sheep's-wool sponge it comes low—and saturate it with sugar and water."

"To make Calves-Foot Jelly.—Persuade the calf to put its feet under a ten-ton trip hammer. This is very simple, and it's nice—for everybody has the calf."

"To make fine Pumpkin-Pie.—Get the best pumpkin you can steal and proceed as usual."

"A fine Cat's-up.—Take your ten-dollar Maltose to the roof of your house."

"Pound-Cake.—Use a club."

"Currant Jam.—Pell-trees across the creek, if there is one in your neighborhood. If not, go to the circus on Saturday night."

"To Scallops Oysters.—Take them out of the shell, and use a pair of scissors."

"Apple Float.—Throw the fruit into any water that's handy. It will not sink."

"To Preserve Pairs.—Tell them to get married, and to lead sober industrious lives."

"Roast Duck.—Build a big fire in the room where your pretty niece sleeps."

"Good table sauce may be had by inviting the impertinent daughter of a neighbor to dinner."

"Fine green or black T can be had by applying to almost any painter. Let him make it on canvas—it will last longer."

"Fish.—To fry rock, place a small boulder on the range. Do not hurry it."

## The Effect of Diet on Liquor-Drinking.

Charles Napier, an English scientific man, has been testing the truth of Liebig's theory that liquor-drinking is compatible with animal food, but not with a farinaceous diet. The experiment was tried upon 27 liquor-drinking persons with results substantiating the Liebig theory. Among the more striking instances of reform brought about by a change of diet was that of a gentleman of 60 who had been addicted to intemperate habits for 35 years, his outbursts averaging one a week. His constitution was so shattered that he had great difficulty in insuring his life. After an attack of delirium tremens, which nearly ended fatally, he was persuaded to enter upon a farinaceous diet, which, we are assured, cured him completely in several months. He seems to have been very thin at the beginning of the experiment, but by the close of the period named had gained 28 pounds, being then of about the normal weight for a person of his height.

Among the articles of food which are specified by Napier as pre-eminent for antagonism to alcohol are macaroni, haricot beans, dried peas and lentils, all of which should be well boiled, and flavored with plenty of butter or olive oil. The various garden vegetables are said to be helpful, but a diet mainly composed of them would not resist the tendency of intemperance so effectually as one of macaroni and farinaceous food. From this point of view, highly glutinous bread would be of great utility, but it should not be sour, such acidity being calculated to foster the habit of alcoholic drinking. A like remark may be applied to the use of salted food. If we inquire the cause of a vegetarian's alleged disinclination to alcoholic liquors, we find that the carbonaceous starch contained in the macaroni, beans, or oleaginous aliment, appears to render unnecessary, and therefore repulsive, carbon in an alcoholic form.

Impure Water.

Impure water takes greatest effect on the alimentary system. In 1854 cholera broke out in Westminster, London. In one small radius of 210 yards there were 486 fatal cases in the course of eight days. Dr. John Snow found that these unfortunate people had been drinkers of the water of a well, known as the Broad street Pump. The water, on being analyzed, was found polluted with organic matter—small, white, flocculent particles, being visible to the naked eye. Yet this was a famous water. It was used for mixing with spirits in all the public houses around, and in all the dining-rooms and coffee shops. It was even sold in little confectionery shops, mixed with a teaspoonful of effervescing powder, and dignified with the name of Sherbet. A lady in another part of London was in the habit of getting water from the Broad street Pump sent to her in a large bottle. She died in two days. On the other hand, an army officer who dined one day at that time in a house near the pump, and drank of its water, died after a few hours' illness. The inmates of a neighboring workhouse and the workmen of a brewery escaped, because each institution had a well of its own. More deaths would have occurred if the frightened people had not fled early from the locality. Why the water should have become so very bad at a particular time, Dr. Snow says: "As there had been deaths from cholera just before the great outbreak not far from this pump-well, and in a situation elevated a few feet above it, the evacuations from the patients' night, of course, be among the impurities finding their way into the water, and judging the matter by the light derived from other facts and considerations, we must conclude that such was the case."

## FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

Love is what distinguishes, for every man is his own love. Almost all of us make ourselves unhappy by too much forecast.

"Those who never retract love themselves better than the truth."

Excess of grief for the deceased is madness, for it is an injury to the living and the dead do not know it.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good, are the most important objects of life.

He that keeps his promise to his own advantage only is scarcely more bound than if he had promised nothing.











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Rev. B. D. Turner, will preach in the Baptist Church, at this place, at 11 o'clock, the fifth Sunday in September.

Gor. Cobb has appointed Col. R. L. McKee, of the Selma Argus, his private secretary, and Mr. Thos. Reynolds, of Tallahassee, assistant secretary—two very excellent appointments.

Judge Wyth was once a printer, a fact that accounts for his being such an excellent Judge. Chief-Justice Brickell and another member of the Supreme Court were once printers.

We learn that Benj. Hodges, of Gadsden, who was indicted for killing John Latham of that place, was acquitted at the last term of the Circuit Court for Cherokee county. The case had been moved from Blount to Cherokee.

The Town Marshal of Gadsden recently shot and killed a man named Davis, who was defying arrest for the violation of a local ordinance. The local paper and town council pronounce the act justifiable, while a coroner's jury declare the act done in discharge of official duty; but it nowhere appears in the account of the affair as published that Davis had a deadly weapon, with which he could have taken the life of any one; and until it does appear that he was in the act of taking life, or that the Marshal believed himself to be in deadly peril, we fail to see the justifiableness of the act.

There is a good market in Jacksonville just now for beef, mutton, chickens, butter, eggs &c. Bring them in.

Thorne's Comedy Company closed an engagement of three nights here last Wednesday evening. They played The Two Orphans, Rascal Arden and Lucinda Borgia. The company has above an average stock, while Mr. Thorne and Miss Bonnie Meyer are first class in every respect. They have new scenery, and are otherwise much better fitted up than when here before.

An Achievement in Grape Culture.—Dr. Bellamy of this place is the only man in the United States, so far as we are informed, who has succeeded in perfecting the Black Hamburg Grape in the open air. By several years of study and experiment, he has it now thoroughly acclimated.

It has been suggested to editors through the Associated press dispatches, to call the attention of the people of the towns and villages to the importance of establishing nickel contribution boxes at convenient points, for the benefit of the yellow-fever sufferers. In this way a great deal in small amounts will be secured that would never be given to a committee to raise funds. It has succeeded admirably every where it has been tried, and we hope some one will put up a box at the post-office, or some as convenient point here. It has been estimated that it will take yet a million more dollars to subvert the poor of the stricken cities until frost comes and business is resumed.

#### A HUGE RATTLESNAKE.

Last Wednesday, Mr. Dick Williams brought to town, for our inspection, the stuffed skin of a huge rattlesnake, which, he informed us, was killed last Sunday, about 4 miles south of here, near Mr. Peter Cotton's, by Mr. Lawrence Bigger. Being told that the monstrous serpent was 7 feet long when his head received the fatal blow of Scripture-obeying men. Doubt the creature of snake tales, led fingers into pockets, in quest of a measuring rule. Preparatory to measuring we examined the skin, and found that the snake's full length was not represented. The head had not been skinned, and a part of the tail, to which the rattle was attached, had been cut off. Our measurement showed the stuffed skin to be 6 feet 3 inches. Summing up the head, the piece of tail, and the rattles, we became satisfied that the snake was 7 feet long when killed. Though loosely stuffed, it measured 114 inches in circumference at the greatest point. Strange of all, it had only ten rattles.

When Dick first showed us the monstrous skin, he remarked laughingly, "I've brought you the king of the woods; you can beat Lou Grant now, on the snake question, or something to that effect."

When the skin was stretched out, every body on the street went up one by one, and as each one would see his huge proportions, he would relate some marvelous experience that he had had in the snake business, then crying "re editor," each one would assure us that we were propagating a lie about Lou Grant on a snake tale." (Our cotemporary will observe here that his penchant for opinion literature is known far and wide.) The whole town could furnish but one man who would say that he had ever seen a rattlesnake so large: that man said that he once saw one in South Carolina that was 9 feet long.

In a few days the skin will be left at our office, where it may be seen by those who may visit us.—Oxford Tribune.

We supposed until last week that we had been doing very well in the snake line; but it seems that while our attention was directed to the number, rather than the dimension of our snakes, Oxford observed the fact, and quietly rallying on one snake, beat us by about 2 ft. 3 inches. How many letters passed between Dick Williams and the gentleman who put up this job on us, we may never know. At any rate we frankly confess defeat, cry "call-ropes," and leave to our friend of the Tribune, the proud reflection that he has at last beaten us at something.

Since writing the above we have scouted in the neighborhood of Oxford, and learn that Mr. Andrew Jackson, living near Davistown, killed not long ago, a rattlesnake over six feet long, and having about 18 rattles. At the same time and place, three other huge snakes were killed—two of them with the same stick that slew the 15 year old father of brother Robert's snake.

The very disagreeable weather prevented a full meeting of the Reading Club at Mrs. Hoke's.

Barometrical observation gives Jacksonville a much greater elevation above sea level than was given last week in the table of elevations from the Railroad survey.

As a rough average, it may be assumed the barometer falls one tenth of an inch every 90 feet that we ascend above the level of the sea up to 1000 feet. The mean barometer for the past year, in Jacksonville, has been 28.80. According to the reports of the signal service bureau, the mean barometer at Mobile has been about 30 inches. This gives a difference of 1.20 between Mobile and Jacksonville, which, multiplied by 90, gives an elevation of 1080 feet. This elevation is reduced, though, by another formula about 30 feet on account of difference in latitude and thermometer. Jacksonville must be at least 1050 feet above the sea.

There cannot be more than five or six feet error in this calculation, which is about as accurate an estimate as can or durably be made in barometrical measurement of elevations, without having simultaneous observations between the different stations, first having ascertained the temperature of the boiling point of water, the difference in the thermometer at the same moments &c.—may confine the error in elevations within a foot or two.

Jacksonville is improving around the edges. Maj. Wyly has recovered his gin house on his plantation in the suburbs.

H. T. Perkins Hill.—We have no back copies of Republican, containing your article. It has been copied into the Montgomery Advertiser, and will make rounds of the press.

If any of our subscribers are not taking their papers from the post-office, postmasters will lay us under obligation by informing us of the fact.

The papers have been lying idle, our Representative elect pretty lively of late. He proposes to "go for" the editor of the Tribune next week.

Mr. Dan Adair has laid out a table a basket of the finest sweet potatoes we have seen this season.

When brain new pianos can be bought for \$125, we ought to become a musical and music-loving people. This is what the Mendelssohn Piano Co., 21 East 15th Street, New York, are doing—selling pianos from their factory at these prices. The great reputation of these pianos—having been unanimously recommended for the highest honors at the great Centennial Exhibition—and the high character of the company for honorable and straightforward dealing, should insure for them liberal patronage. Their illustrated and descriptive catalogue, of forty old pages, giving highest testimonials of leading musicians, will be mailed free to all, and all inquiries by letter are cheerfully answered.

#### Low, Flat Land

There was a man and his name was Brown, and he lived about a mile and a half from town; and this here fellow was awfully down in the mouth, for his crop was like for to drown.

Beetz his son was low, flat land.

His very small child he called named and named.

And he named her the weather named and named.

And his own wife named and named they named.

And the children named for to take that land.

If a cloud came up as big as a cloud, why, that was enough, and it rained and named.

As if all the water that ever was stored since the days of Noah had suddenly poured on that miserable 30 of low, flat land.

The weather here is like all in a mass, and instead of little better, the weather got worse.

And Brown named he wouldn't raise nothing but low, and he named he wouldn't raise nothing but low, and he named he wouldn't raise nothing but low.

And Miss Brown she used for to smile, and she named she thought it was a little better, for to let their temper slide.

When Providence wanted to moisten the soil, and drip a little water on that low, flat land.

And so, while Brown he named and named, his wife she named a little better, and named.

And into the weeds this woman named the named, and all summer long she named it named.

And when the corn-patcher time came round, instead of the crop all getting drowned, there was 30 of the acre on that low, flat land.

And Brown he named he named as how he named it was named in the woman that it was named ground.

ATHENS, Ga., December 22, 1878.

A few nights since, I gave my son one dose of Worm Oil, and the next day he passed 10 large worms. At the same time, I gave one dose to my little girl, four years old, and she passed 20 worms, from 4 to 15 inches long.

For sale by Dr. W. M. Nisner, Jacksonville, July 6, '78—Gm.

Received To-Pay.

Latest styles of FRENCH CALICOES, called India Silks, at A. MYERS & Co's.

#### LOCAL MATTERS.

ED. G. CALDWELL, (At the old Forney Corner.) Has on hand the best brands of Cheiving and Smoking TOBACCOES, including the celebrated Durham Smoking Tobacco. He has the largest stock of CIGARS in town. Among his brands you will find the Salado, Marguitta, Royal Standard and the favorite Tidal Wave.

Chocolate, Cane, Imported Chow Chow, Boston Baked Beans, Salmon & Canned Goods in great variety at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Coffee, Sugar, Flour, Meal, Meat, Potatoes, Macaroni, & Cheese at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheap Groceries for Cash at the old Forney Corner.

Fresh Lard at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Fresh Meat at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy anything in the GROCERY line CHEAP for CASH at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Go buy one of those fine Flows of the Towars patent at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

A splendid lot of new Tin ware at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Finest article of kerosene oil at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy TEN pounds of RICE for \$1.00 at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 10 pounds of SUGAR for \$1.00 at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

Salt at manufacturers' prices at E. G. CALDWELL'S.

YOU can buy 5 pounds of good COFFEE for ONE DOLLAR at ED. G. CALDWELL'S.

Cheaper than the cheapest, one box of good Soap at 5 cts. per box, at the

RED STORE.

You can buy the best Starch at 5 cts. per pound, at D. J. PRIVETT.

You can buy one dozen cakes of nice Toilet Soap, at the RED STORE for 75 cts.

Large lot of Lamps, Lamp Fixtures, and Glass-ware to be closed out at a sacrifice, at the

RED STORE.

Cheaper than raising them; two pound can Tomatoes at 10 cts. per can, at PRIVETTS.

Pickles and Extracts for 10 cts. per bottle, at the

RED STORE.

A full lot of Saddles, Harness, Bridles, Collars, Whips and Saddlery, hardware, will be on hand at prices to suit the times. Repairing a specialty.

Put one way to get your Tobacco and Cigars cheaper than I will sell them, and that is to steal them.

D. J. PRIVETT.

Wanted By

W. P. & ED. L. PARK.

Four Hogs, weighing about 80 to 100 pounds gross. Barrows preferred, but spayed sows will answer with pay made or cash for the hogs. Apply at once at our store.

WANTED.

One good MILCH COW, for which we will pay cash. Would she has a young calf and milk well.

The PARKS offer for sale a first class line of Family Groceries too numerous to advertise.

We have for sale a large and well selected stock of GLASS WARE.

Look in and see our new and large assortment of TIN-WARE.

The PARKS have CANDY & boxes for the girls, and nuts for the boys. We have Jigs for the Gents, and Jars for the Ladies. A few more of those matches, fresh Oysters and Crackers.

The Young Blade who want a good cheap TOBACCO go to PARKS to get it; or they prefer a splendid five cents cigar, we will give them two cents for a nickel.

THE PARKS still want 100 pounds of nice fresh Butter, for which they will pay 15 cents in Cash or 20 cents in trade.

They also want one hundred dozen Eggs, for which they will pay 8 cents in Cash, or 10 cents in trade. And they want five hundred Chickens, for which they will pay 10 to 20 cents in Cash, according to size.

To Suit the Times. GIVING FOR THE 29TH.

#### Save Your Child's Life!

By giving Dr. Morrow's TERNINA (The Tonic) TERNINA will regulate the bowels and make Teething easy. Cures Cholera Infantum and Summer Complaints of Children. Heals Eruptions and Sores. Relieves and Prevents Worms. Teething only soothe. TERNINA cures the child.

For sale by Dr. W. M. Nisner, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

Relief at Last! From Cholera Infantum and Summer Complaints. Dr. Morrow's TERNINA (The Tonic) TERNINA will regulate the bowels and make Teething easy. Cures Cholera Infantum and Summer Complaints of Children. Heals Eruptions and Sores. Relieves and Prevents Worms. Teething only soothe. TERNINA cures the child.

For sale by Dr. W. M. Nisner, Jacksonville, Ala., and all Druggists keep it.

COMMON SENSE.

It is simply in keeping with common sense to say that a specialist will give his undivided attention to the treatment of a certain class of diseases ought to succeed where practitioners in general practice may fail. Dr. F. E. FORT, of 120 Lexington Avenue, New York City, has given his exclusive attention to the treatment of Chronic Diseases for 25 years, during which time he has cured thousands whose cases he has never seen. If you will send him for his searching list of names, you will find that this has been done in part. Consultations in person or by mail free. Dr. Fort's works, Plain Home Talk embracing Medical Science, Science in Story, etc., are publications well known to the reading public. Taking all of the Doctor's publications together it is not too much to say that millions of copies have been sold.

Attachment Notice.

Wm. Gray, in Justice Court, beat vs. J. B. Gray, No. 6, Calloun County, Ala.

IT appearing to the Court that suit was commenced by Attachment, and being by writ of Garnishment on W. F. Dickie, it is further appearing to the Court, that the said Defendant is a non-resident of the State, and resides in the State of Arkansas, Post Office

It is Ordered by the Court, that notice be given by publication in the Jacksonville Republican, a newspaper published in said county, for three successive weeks, and a copy to be sent by mail to Defendant's Post Office if known.

Notice is given to said Defendant to appear at a term of said Court, to be held on the 14th day of October, 1878, and defend said suit.

A. W. KIRBY, N. P. & J. P. Sept. 11, 1878—31.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of one of the writs issued from the Circuit Court of Calloun county, Ala., in favor of W. F. Dickie, and against Jackson Dickie, I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, before the Court House door of Calloun county, Ala., on the first Monday in October, 1878, the following described land, to wit:

South half of S E quarter of Sec. 10, T. 10, R. 8, N. W. quarter of S E quarter of Sec. 3, T. 14, R. 6, S. E. quarter of S W quarter of Sec. 14, T. 14, R. 6, S. E. quarter of S E quarter of Sec. 14, T. 14, R. 6, all in Calloun County, Ala., being upon the property of Jackson Dickie, to satisfy said S. E.

D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff Calloun Co.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of one of the writs issued from the Circuit Court of Calloun county, Ala., in favor of W. F. Dickie, and against Jackson Dickie, I will sell to the highest bidder, for cash, before the Court House door of Calloun county, Ala., on the first Monday in October, 1878, the following described property, to-wit:

An undivided one third interest in the East half of the S E quarter of Sec. 25, T. 10, R. 7, and as much of the West half of said S E quarter as may be required and used for the dam and mill race for the mill which is situated on said tract of land; also the S W quarter of S W quarter of Sec. 27, T. 10, R. 7, known as the Road Mills, and being upon the one third undivided interest of D. W. Reed to satisfy said S. E.

D. Z. GOODLETT, Sheriff Calloun Co.

Tax Collector's NOTICE.

THE undersigned Tax Collector of Calloun County, State of Alabama, will attend at the following places and at the times specified, for the purpose of collecting the State and County Tax for the year 1878. The full Tax becomes delinquent on 31st October, 1878, to-wit:

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 7, Monday, Oct. 15, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 8, Tuesday, Oct. 16, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 9, Wednesday, Oct. 17, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 10, Thursday, Oct. 18, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 11, Friday, Oct. 19, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 12, Saturday, Oct. 20, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 13, Sunday, Oct. 21, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 14, Monday, Oct. 22, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 15, Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 16, Wednesday, Oct. 24, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 17, Thursday, Oct. 25, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 18, Friday, Oct. 26, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 19, Saturday, Oct. 27, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 20, Sunday, Oct. 28, 1878.

Waller's Chapel, Precinct No. 21, Monday, Oct. 29, 1878.

#### New Pianos \$125.

Each, and all styles, including Grand, Square and Upright, all new and strictly first-class, at the lowest cash wholesale factory prices, direct to the purchaser. No Agents. Pianos for \$200, containing

MATHUSHEK'S New Patent Duplex Overstrung Scale, which is acknowledged by the highest musical authorities to be the greatest improvement ever put into a square Piano, producing the most extraordinary power, richness and depth of tone, and a sustaining string quality never before attained, being a "GRAND PIANO in a Square Case."

THE MENDELSSOHN UPRIGHTS ARE THE FINEST IN AMERICA.

They are pronounced the "Pianos of the Future." All our Pianos are made entirely by ourselves at our

MAUFACTORY. Originally established in 1848, over 30 years ago, being among the few makes of Pianos which have stood the test of time.

OVER 75,000 IN USE. Every Piano fully warranted for five years. We are now making all our Pianos entirely of

VULCANIZED LUMBER. The Greatest Discovery of the Age. Wood rendered indestructible, checking, warping impossible, and as durable as iron, insulating against the ravages of insects. The finest and longest lasting material ever produced.

In the grand results of strength, durability, reliability, and ability to give music its true volume, power, resonance, brilliancy, sweetness, sympathetic and singing quality of tone, excellence throughout the entire range of melody and elasticity of touch and beauty of finish.

MENDELSSOHN Piano stands without an Equal. These Pianos made one of the finest displays at the Centennial Exhibition, and were unanimously recommended by the Juries of all countries.

Paragon of the Piano. The MENDELSSOHN is a thoroughly incorporated manufacturing company, and the only house which makes the entire piano, and sells direct to the purchaser at factory prices. Dealers who buy Pianos offered by dealers who pretend to be manufacturers, will refer to the New York Commercial Advertiser, which will give you reliable information in regard to them, as well as to our integrity, character and respectability.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO., No. 21 East 15th Street, NEW YORK.

THE WORLD RENOWNED WILSON SEWING MACHINE FOR SALE.

No. 4, Bright added, \$22.00. No. 6, \$21.00. No. 7, \$20.00. No. 8, \$19.00. No. 9, \$18.00. No. 10, \$17.00. No. 11, \$16.00. No. 12, \$15.00. No. 13, \$14.00. No. 14, \$13.00. No. 15, \$12.00. No. 16, \$11.00. No. 17, \$10.00. No. 18, \$9.00. No. 19, \$8.00. No. 20, \$7.00. No. 21, \$6.00. No. 22, \$5.00. No. 23, \$4.00. No. 24, \$3.00. No. 25, \$2.00. No. 26, \$1.00. No. 27, \$0.50. No. 28, \$0.25. No. 29, \$0.10. No. 30, \$0.05. No. 31, \$0.02. No. 32, \$0.01. No. 33, \$0.00. No. 34, \$0.00. No. 35, \$0.00. No. 36, \$0.00. No. 37, \$0.00. No. 38, \$0.00. No. 39, \$0.00. No. 40, \$0.00. No. 41, \$0.00. No. 42, \$0.00. No. 43, \$0.00. No. 44, \$0.00. No. 45, \$0.00. No. 46, \$0.00. No. 47, \$0.00. No. 48, \$0.00. No. 49, \$0.00. No. 50, \$0.00. No. 51, \$0.00. No. 52, \$0.00. No. 53, \$0.00. No. 54, \$0.00. No. 55, \$0.00. No. 56, \$0.00. No. 57, \$0.00. No. 58, \$0.00. No. 59, \$0.00. No. 60, \$0.00. No. 61, \$0.00. No. 62, \$0.00. No. 63, \$0.00. No. 64, \$0.00. No. 65, \$0.00. No. 66, \$0.00. No. 67, \$0.00. No. 68, \$0.00. No. 69, \$0.00. No. 70, \$0.00. No. 71, \$0.00. No. 72, \$0.00. No. 73, \$0.00. No. 74, \$0.00. No. 75, \$0.00. No. 76, \$0.00. No. 77, \$0.00. No. 78, \$0.00. No. 79, \$0.00. No. 80, \$0.00. No. 81, \$0.00. No. 82, \$0.00. No. 83, \$0.00. No. 84, \$0.00. No. 85, \$0.00. No. 86, \$0.00. No. 87, \$0.00. No. 88, \$0.00. No. 89, \$0.00. No. 90, \$0.00. No. 91, \$0.00. No. 92, \$0.00. No. 93, \$0.00. No. 94, \$0.00. No. 95, \$0.00. No. 96, \$0.00. No. 97, \$0.00. No. 98, \$0.00. No. 99, \$0.00. No. 100, \$0.00. No. 101, \$0.00. No. 102, \$0.00. No. 103, \$0.00. No. 104, \$0.00. No. 105, \$0.00. No. 106, \$0.00. No. 107, \$0.00. No. 108, \$0.00. No. 109, \$0.00. No. 110, \$0.00. No. 111, \$0.00. No. 112, \$0.00. No. 113, \$0.00. No. 114, \$0.00. No. 115, \$0.00. No. 116, \$0.00. No. 117, \$0.00. No. 118, \$0.00. No. 119, \$0.00. No. 120, \$0.00. No. 121, \$0.00. No. 122, \$0.00. No. 123, \$0.00. No. 124, \$0.00. No. 125, \$0.00. No. 126, \$0.00. No. 127, \$0.00. No. 128, \$0.00. No. 129, \$0.00. No. 130, \$0.00. No. 131, \$0.00. No. 132, \$0.00. No. 133, \$0.00. No. 134, \$0.00. No. 135, \$0.00. No. 136, \$0.00. No. 137, \$0.00. No. 138, \$0.00. No. 139, \$0.00. No. 140, \$0.00. No. 141, \$0.00. No. 142, \$0.00. No. 143, \$0.00. No. 144, \$0.00. No. 145, \$0.00. No. 146, \$0.00. No. 147, \$0.00. No. 148, \$0.00. No. 149, \$0.00. No. 150, \$0.00. No. 151, \$0.00. No. 152, \$0.00. No. 153, \$0.00. No. 154, \$0.00. No. 155, \$0.00. No. 156, \$0.00. No. 157, \$0.00. No. 158, \$0.00. No. 159, \$0.00. No. 160, \$0.00. No. 161, \$0.00. No. 162, \$0.00. No. 163, \$0.00. No. 164, \$0.00. No. 165, \$0.00. No. 166, \$0.00. No. 167, \$0.00. No. 168, \$0.00. No. 169, \$0.00. No. 170, \$0.00. No. 171, \$0.00. No. 172, \$0.00. No. 173, \$0.00. No. 174, \$0.00. No. 17



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contains nearly all the really good sheet music, published or privately issued, in thirty-two. Two handsome volumes. Each book is fully independent of the others, and contains a large quantity of new and each book is sold for

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Songs for Antiphones and Cantors of the 23rd &c.

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NEW DITSON'S

ARE made to suit clusters or wells of any depth, from 10 to 75 feet, either plain or lined with galvanized iron, or seamless drawn tube copper. We keep in stock a large quantity of all sizes and prices, from the cheapest to the MOST PERFECT and IMPROVED PUMP THAT CAN BE MADE, and we can furnish the BEST and CHEAPEST PUMPS TO suit the most difficult cases AT PRICES BUT LITTLE ABOVE SECOND AND THIRD-RATE PUMPS. We have a LARGE STOCK of all the above pumps, and we can furnish them at the LOWEST PRICES. If not far as in your town, your orders can always be filled within a day or two of their receipt. We are now doing from Fifth street, south side, Philadelphia.

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Manufacturer.

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**DURING THE SUMMER VACATION**  
until September 1, the Managers have decided to reduce the admission of

**ADULTS.....15 CENTS.**  
**CHILDREN.....10 CENTS.**

In order to give the citizens, and especially the children, of this city, an opportunity to enjoy the International Exhibition, and to see the many interesting and valuable things that are to be seen during the warm weather, an opportunity of enjoying the Exhibition at a reduced rate is hereby offered.

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To try our organs, as we send one to any address on ten days' trial, and refund freight if not purchased. Solid walnut cases, 12 x 6 x 6, 23.50 net of post. **PRICE \$71.** Five Year's warranty. Direct from the factory.

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CARBOLINE Was never known to fail in  
CARBOLINE a single instance.  
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CARBOLINE world has.  
CARBOLINE Certain to make your hair  
CARBOLINE grow with a fine growth of hair.

CARBOLINE  
Cures weak and nervous  
system and restores youth.  
CARBOLINE  
Restores faded or gray hair to  
its natural color.  
CARBOLINE  
Makes the old young again.  
CARBOLINE  
Keeps the hair from falling out.  
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Makes the hair look natural  
and beautiful.  
CARBOLINE  
Deliciously fragrant and  
at the same time.

**CARBOLINE**

Is now presented to the public without fear of any  
fraudulent use, and the licit and legitimate  
of the hair the world has ever produced.

**PRICE: \$1.00 PER BOTTLE**

SOLD IN ALL DRUGGISTS.

**KENNEDY & CO.,**  
**Pittsburg Pa.**  
Sole Agents for the United States, the Cana-  
dian Provinces and Great Britain.

is sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States, and is  
sold Wholesale by JOHNSON, HOLLAND &  
DEP. PHIL. A. JOIN. BENTLEY & CO., WASH-  
INGTON, and PENNILETON, NEW-  
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## AGRICULTURE.

**STORING POTATOES.**—Every method has been tried by farmers to store and preserve their potatoes through winter, and we may say until potatoes come again. It is the most valuable of all vegetables, though here and there we find a writer who undertakes to tell us it is universally consumed in all civilized countries, as where it cannot be grown it is imported, which can be done long distances without injury, when ventilation is attended to. In storing potatoes several methods are adopted, yet they are all practically the same, the object being to protect them against freezing, whether buried in pits stored in cellars. The first consideration is to keep them in perfect darkness; the next is, that the bins should not be too deep—no over three feet—produce warmth cause them to sprout. When stored in the field, straight trenches are dug, say twenty feet in length and four or five feet wide which are filled to a depth of three feet with potatoes, then well covered with straw, on top of which put eighteen or twenty inches of earth. In a pit twenty feet long there should be about three gas escapes or ventilation openings, which should be plugged with straw. Those intended for late spring sales should be frequently examined and all sprouts removed, for so soon as a potato begins to grow it loses its solidity, dryness and quality.

**LIQUID MANURE FOR FLOWERS.**—Put one bushel of the clippings of old horse manure in a tub and fill it up with water. Let it stand a week, when it will be ready for use. Apply with a watering pot. All bedding plants can be watered with this manure. Every other day if they are not bound. Newly reported plants should be watered once a week until they have plenty of working roots. The water should be green to a golden yellow, moving from the stem down to the point of the leaf, which, however, lasts only for a few weeks, when it changes to a dark, glossy green. Plants under this watering grow very strong; and the flowers are very large and bright. Plants thus treated can be watered with the manure for a long time without being transplanted. Flowers watered with this liquid manure will bring twenty-five per cent. more than otherwise; besides, they will be free from small spots. It can be packed closer and is easier to handle. The fertilizer is not a stimulant, but a plant food, and plants that are watered with it, plant out in the fall, continue growing and keep in growth, which cannot be said of guano. It is as powerful as guano, as quick in action and more lasting.

Unkennit application will induce disease unless the blood be kept constantly pure and rich. For all hard work the remedy to keep the blood in the best condition is Dr. Bull's Blood Mixture.

**FOR SICK HORSES.**—Lined oil is not only a valuable restorative for sick horses, but is exceedingly useful in cases of inflammation of the membranes peculiar to the organs of respiration and digestion; it shields and lubricates the same, tranquilizes the irritable state of the parts and favors healthy action. Buy a couple of gallons of seed oil in a bucket and pour a gallon and a half of boiling water upon it; cover it up for a short time, then add a couple of quarts of cold water, when it will be ready for use. In case of an irritating cough, add some honey. But better still is to raise plenty of sunflowers and save the seed to feed to your horses; half a pint of flaxseed or a pint of sunflower seed to a horse's feed three or four times a week, in the fall and spring, does very much to keep them in good health.

**HAVING IN WET WEATHER.**—Those who have cut grass for hay should let it alone during the continuance of wet weather. There is no greater mistake than to break the swath, as grass never takes less harm and throws off more wet than just as it is left by the scythe or machine. Each blade of grass is provided by nature with a waterproof mantle, in the shape of an impenetrable glassy covering of silica. This envelope is perfectly able to keep out the rain, and in the morning breaks it and opens joints into which the water enters. It is then that the mischief commences, the external wet mingling with the internal sap and causing fermentation. How long grass will remain in bad effects of rain, we hardly venture to state, but we are confident that several days' bad weather will be best met by the passive system just indicated.

## SCIENTIFIC.

It is asserted that the maximum effect of the Fresnel revolving light, that is, of a light-house fitted with the great lenses arranged on that principle, is equal to the light of more than one hundred lamps. Thus, in a revolving light-house of the first class, that is, having in each of the four faces six lamps, furnished with parabolic reflectors, the power of the light sent off to the horizon, as the light-house revolves, is, at its maximum, equal to that of 21,000 lamps. In respect to the powers of a fixed light, the power is immensely inferior. Thus, the effect of an argand lamp, placed in the focus of a parabolic reflector, and viewed in the direction of its vertex, or its maximum of brilliancy, is only equal to that of 350 lamps. So that, if twenty-four lamps, in the focus of so many reflectors, be ranged round a lighthouse, only twenty-four separate points of the horizon, in the nature of things, enjoy a light equal to that of 350 lamps, while all the rest of the circuit must of necessity, enjoy less of the light in proportion to their distance from their vertex.

A writer to the London *Lancet*, speaking of the effects of cold and warm baths, says: "The ultimate result of hot and cold baths, if their temperature be moderate, is about the same, the difference being, to use the words of Brauer, that 'cold refreshes by stimulating the functions, heat by physically facilitating them; and in this lies the important practical difference between the cold water system and the thermal method of treatment.'"

In the event of bamboo becoming a source of supply for paper-making stock it is thought that the West Indies, particularly Jamaica, will derive a large revenue from the bamboo plantations, which will be cultivated to supply English water.

Water simmers at 178 deg.; pure water boils at 212 deg., but with one-fifth salt, not till 218.2 deg.

Barbitol of Temporary Calves may be gotten rid of, and with it a great source of serious disease permanently removed, by using judiciously Dr. Jay's Nativite Pills.

## DOMESTIC.

**How to Cook a Terrapin.**—Put him in boiling water for five minutes, to loosen the skin, then take him out, skin him, and replace him in the hot water. When the claws become soft it is sufficiently boiled. Take him out and remove the bottom shell, first, out of the head, and then the claws and legs, and sand-bag, then cut out the remainder. Cut the entrails into pieces about half an inch. Be careful to preserve all juice. Put in a terrapin, make a dressing of four yolks of two hard-boiled eggs, a third of a pound of the very best butter, a proper proportion of salt, red pepper, a large wine glass of Madeira or sherry to each terrapin, and a small quantity of rich cream. All of the ingredients to be of the best quality. Dish promptly, and serve smoking hot. The cow terrapin is the best, besides furnishing eggs, which are a great addition. Some persons have been known to season with spices, but this is not to the taste of epicures.

**TOMATO PIES.**—Take pear shaped or small single tomatoes, scald and skin them, then to half a pint or eight pints, take three or four pounds of brown sugar. Cook them with sugar, over a fire without water until the sugar penetrates and they are clarified. Take them out and drain them in a colander, and dry in the sun. Sprinkle on them a little sirup whilst drying. When dry, pack down in boxes treating each layer with powdered sugar; the sirup that is left over may be used in another pie, and bottled for use. They will keep from year to year, and retain their flavor which is very much like that of figs.

**CURE FOR SUNSTROKE.**—Rub powerfully on the back, head and neck, make horizontal and downward movements. This draws blood from the front brain, and the vitalized blood is drawn out. While rubbing, call for cold water immediately, which apply to the face and to the hair on top and side of the head. Rub the face with cold water. The patient will generally start up into full conscious life in a very short time.

**SILVER TOR.**—Water one quart, white sugar three and a quarter pounds, four eggs, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, one spoonful, and whites of five eggs. Beat the four well up with the whites of the eggs, dissolve the sugar in hot water and mix with the beaten eggs and flour. Now divide this mixture in two equal parts, and add four ounces carbonate of soda to the one and put in a bottle, and three ounces tartaric acid to the other. Put in small pots, they are ready to tumble and put one tablespoonful from each bottle in separate tumblers. Fill each half with fresh cold water, pour together and drink at once.

**PICKLES.**—To 100 cucumbers add 2 cups salt; put a thick layer of horse-radish leaves over them; pour on boiling water enough to cover them; let them stand two days; drain them, and put them back into a jar; put in pieces of all kinds, mustard and nasturtium leaves, stems, and seed; anise and dill seed are good; cover with a cloth and weight, and pour on cold vinegar enough to cover; in two weeks pour off the vinegar, and boil and pour it back on them boiling hot the same as before. If you put up enough of them, they will last until next summer without a change of vinegar.

**PROMISES KEPT INSPIRE CONFIDENCE.** and Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup never promotes the faith of the mother of a child without at once effecting it. Hence the popular reliance upon it. Price 25 cts. a bottle.

**BLACKBERRY PUDDING.**—Make a crust by wetting two cups of wheatmeal and one cup of fine Indian corn-meal, with milk and water, and roll it out as thin as a pie. It can be rolled out one-third of an inch thick. Then mix about one quart of blackberries with one-half cup of wheatmeal, pour them into the rolled out crust, and roll it up in a cloth, and steam one hour and a half. Let it cool a few minutes, then dish with a spoon, and trim with sugar. Serve warm.

**RICE WAFERS.**—To one cupful and a half of boiled rice add two cupfuls of flour, mix it with milk. The batter must be rather thicker than pancake batter. Add a little salt; then beat two eggs very light, and stir them in the last thing, giving it a good beating. Bake in well-oiled tins.

**How a Poet Went Fishing.**—Bret Harte, the well-known writer and poet, who has been appointed to a commercial agency in Germany, is a careless, restless sort of a fellow, and has never learned to take care of his money.

A prominent journalist of the Pacific Slope once told an amusing story of the way Harte used to do when he lived in San Francisco, and was in the zenith of his fame and prosperity.

He had an arrangement with a great New York publishing house by which the latter had the first right to refuse or accept any of his productions. One morning he came sauntering lazily into the New York office of the publisher, and after seating himself in a comfortable arm chair, began to fan himself with his immense sun-umbrella. The gentleman in charge of the office being well acquainted with Harte and his ways, said, "Well, Bret, what can I do for you?"

"I want to go a-fishing," drawled out the poet, "and I haven't any money. I wrote this thing before I got out of bed this morning, and you can have it for \$500," and he handed over four or five sheets of manuscript of a poem.

After reading it, the representative of the publishers said it was only worth a hundred dollars.

"All right," responded Bret, "I'll let the A— have it."

"Hold on a minute, and I'll telegraph to New York for instructions," said the uneasy publisher.

When he returned from the telegraph office he found Bret sound asleep, and waking him up he shook a little bundle of bank notes in the poet's face and said, "There's your \$500. The firm said it is all right."

"Well, I knew that from the first," growled the poet, and crumpling the money into his pocket he started off to arrange for his fishing trip. In less than two weeks he came back to San Francisco "busted," and buckled into the harness again.

## HUMOROUS.

"Shoor High."—"Fish ter Scheneral around?" asked an excited clothing merchant, as the United States troops passed through Slatkoo recently in pursuit of the fleeing Bannocks.

"Well, myn an," said Howard, reining in his horse, "what is it? Speak quick."

"I am a rolin man, Shenel. Den cursed redskins dye murder my boy Shaboob about five miles from here unshod a dozen pair of pants he was dyin'."

"New pants, so help me kracious—right out of my shirt."

"Sorry for your loss, my man, but haven't time to talk about it now. If we catch up with these demons we'll stop their deviltries for good and all."

"Yes, I know, Shenel, I know," eagerly whispered the bereaved redskin, "but will you please give me the officer's stirrup. 'Doe's all right, but ven you come up mit dose Indians vot got dose new pants on, for kracious sake, Shenel, tole de soldiers to shoot quick."

"They were sitting on the piazza, near the sea-side. It was her lover, handsome and full of the ardor of impassioned youth. She was sentimental and pretty, but the mosquitoes were buzzing around her, and she was very nervous. She was monotonous. Finally there was a lull in the conversation, which he broke by saying, 'What are the wild waves stirring?'"

"The sailor, sweetly, 'wringing one's neck in iron armor over her golden curls, 'Isled.' 'I think they must be singing 'Home, Sweet Home.' He left."

That excellent Smith has but one defect—he cannot abide a necessary duty.

The other day, as he is breakfasting with a friend, the family Spitz takes its stand beside Smith's chair, and sitting up on its hind legs, begs for a lump of sugar.

Smith, nervously, to his friend—What do you call your dog?

Friend—Fido!

Smith—Call him then!

Business men in every civilized country testify that actual use during many years of the most reliable and accurate, accurate and durable in the highest degree.

Jim—"Toll me, Laura, why that sadness? tell me why that look of gloom that thy face was wont to wear?"

Laura—"Jim, 'tis useless to dissemble, well my face may wear a frown; for I've lost my largest hair-pin, and my chignon's coming down!"

DOG-SELLER: "That 'ere hain't no dog, it's a cat, and a cheap one at five pounds." "You're wrong," said a sweet pretty dandy, black and white; but in my present state of bereavement, you may procure one entirely black."

"What is the difference between me and a new novel?" inquired a highly-routed dame of her beau. "It is this," said he. "A new novel is read because it is interesting; and you are interesting because you are red."

"What are you about?" angrily exclaimed a country editor the other day to his wife, who was reaching up her comb before the mirror. "You're getting up my patent outside," dear," was the reply.

"We never saw a man," says an exchange, "who thought of sin to steal an umbrella." Then you never saw a man whose umbrella has just been stolen.

An Iowa woman lost her clothes line. "That explains it," she exclaimed; when she found it in the stable with her husband dangling at the end of it.

GENTLEMAN (long): "I say, waiter, I've just cracked this egg. Look at it! Waiter, 'don't let me see that egg, I want egg, sir, I must say. Try the other."

INORTITUDE is the strongest in a corner. You need do him very kindly, and even a powerful levitating magnet he will sit on you.

Mrs. Jenks says she will not lecture; but Mr. Jenks says he knows better.

A girl applied for a poetic license to the mayor of Chicago recently.

A dog's bark may be worse than his bite, but we prefer the bark.

Self-inflicted Tortures.

In the Cuchiras valley of New Mexico penitents are often required to undergo frightful sufferings. They fast until scarcely able to stand, scourge their naked bodies until they are covered with sores, and, on Good Friday, take heavy wooden crosses on their backs and stumble along, blindfolded, to the summit of a hill. Here they are bound to the upright crosses with strong cords, and left for three days. Some are said to be through weakness and pain, and to have secretly buried. Others fall insensible before reaching the hill. On Easter Sunday, in 1876, four penitents died from the effects of the torture, one of whom lay all Easter night on the threshold of a church, after three days of scourging. In the morning life was extinct.

A Healthy Body and a Clear Head. Indigestion, constipation and biliousness torment the body, head, stomach, liver, etc. These disorders react upon the brain most unfavourably, and produce a cloudiness in the organs of thought, which is a healthy man. Happily these brain-oppressing malarious conditions are removed by a healthy man. Entirely dispelled by that peerless alterer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which cheers, refreshes and invigorates the brain and nerves, while it regulates the organs of digestion, assimilation and biliousness. It expels the morbid humors which poison the system through the bowels and urinary passages, and is a powerful invigorant of the system. Its cathartic action is never irritating, violent or painful, but even, natural and progressive. As a stimulant and promoter, the Bitters is unrivalled; it mitigates the infirmities of age, relieves the ailments peculiar to the golden sex, arrests premature decay, and builds up an enfeebled physique.

STATIONER (Va.) VENDOR OFFICE.—Dr. C. W. Benson: "We have no opportunity to recommend your Coleridge and Chalmers Pills to our friends for Neuritis and Sick and Nervous Headache. They act like a charm with us. TINSLEY & MORTON.

**SCHENCK'S SEALED TONIC.**—This excellent remedy contains no injurious drugs, and does not disagree with the most delicate stomach. Its use in cases of Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Debility, will be attended by the most beneficial results.

For sale by all Druggists.

**Hoofland's German Bitters.**

During the warm season the nerves become enfeebled and the whole system debilitated. The stomach loses its power of digestion, the liver becomes congested and sluggish, causing constipation or diarrhea, dysentery and cholera morbus; and the prevalence of morbid humors at this season engenders ague, bilious or typhoid fevers, often of serious import. To avoid these evils, and to restore the system to its normal condition, Hoofland's German Bitters is a splendid tonic and alterative, that will restore the appetite and digestion, soothe the nerves, regulate the liver and strengthen and build up the whole system to withstand the summer heat and all its baneful influences.

**Reliable Dry Goods House.**

We notice that D. P. Deween, 1124 (formerly of 725) Chestnut street, Philadelphia, has been appointed agent for the very celebrated Durable Warp Black Silks. These goods are said to be almost perfect in color, and are very cheap. They vary in price from \$1.25 to \$2.00, but cost formerly \$2.50 to \$3.00. They are worth any kind of dry good, write for samples.

**Carboline—Its Purity and Wonderful Sales.**

Carboline is now presented to the public, as the most reliable and beautiful of the hair world has ever produced. It performs what others cannot, it restores the hair, cleans the scalp, prevents the hair from falling out, and keeps the scalp cool and healthy. It is an elegant dressing, removes dandruff, cleans the scalp, prevents the hair from falling out, and keeps the scalp cool and healthy. It is an elegant dressing, removes dandruff, cleans the scalp, prevents the hair from falling out, and keeps the scalp cool and healthy.

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**Representative Business Houses OF PHILADELPHIA.**

**SPY GLASSES.**

Opera Glasses, Telescopes, Thermometers, Barometers, Spectacles, and all kinds of Optical Instruments at GREATLY REDUCED PRICES.

**R. & J. BECK, Manufacturing Opticians,**

101 CHESTNUT ST., PHILA.

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### DESPAIR NOT.

What is life that we constantly, day after day, should grieve the few years of existence away? What is life, that we ever should worry and sorrow.

It is likely to end with the dawn of to-morrow. Success crowns your neighbor who thinks but of self.

He revels in plenty, is laden with self; But if Honor and Virtue be your career, His riches are naught—men, your name will prove.

Despair not! Press onward with resolute will, And strive to the utmost your work to fulfill; Though foes at your efforts may cavil and sneer,

Be true to your self, you have nothing to fear. Despair not, and banish fear or discontent, It serves but Life's troubles and woes to augment;

And remember as Life's rugged pathway is trod, To be true to your neighbor, yourself and your God.

### The Talisman.

It was midnight, and a bride was seated within a luxurious boudoir of the gay city, the capital of France. A dainty femme de chambre had just left the apartment when Frederic de la Tour, the young husband in question entered.

Madame de la Tour was seated near an open wood fire, the folds of a beautiful robe de chambre of light soft texture thrown around her.

"My darling," exclaimed de la Tour, "I could not come before." And as he spoke he threw himself on his knees before her.

"Our friends have just gone?" enquired the listener.

"Yes, and I am with you."

"Do you kneel, Frederic; there is room for you on this couch," continued Madame de la Tour.

"No, let me remain thus. It seems as if I must be dreaming; that all this happiness cannot be real; that you are not indeed mine to love and cherish. I cannot remove my eyes from your dear face, dreading that you will vanish from my view."

"Be sure that I do not propose to vanish," responded Madame de la Tour. "Yesterday I was the widow of Lord Melville, and to-day I am Louise de la Tour, your wife. You see, strange as it may at first seem, you do not dream."

Frederic de la Tour had good reason to suppose that a fairy had been meddling with his affairs. Within a few months past he had enjoyed a streak of inexplicable good fortune. He had become rich and happy beyond his fondest hopes. One afternoon, while returning from his office, he was, in the Rue St. Honore, accosted by a lady, who was driving in a magnificent equipage.

"Monsieur! Monsieur!" she called. The footman had lowered the steps, and motioned to de la Tour to enter the carriage. Astonished beyond measure, he mechanically obeyed.

"I have received your letter, monsieur," continued the lady, in a charming musical voice.

"A letter from me, madame?" responded Frederic, in a tone of surprise.

"Yes, did you not write to me?"

"Never, madame, to my knowledge," was the respectful rejoinder.

"You will kindly excuse me, monsieur," continued the lady. "I have made an absurd mistake, and my only excuse is that you so greatly resemble a friend of mine that I mistook you for him. Great heavens," she added, much confused, "what must you think of me. And yet the resemblance is striking."

Ere the lady had finished her explanation the carriage had been driven into the courtyard of a magnificent hotel. Frederic, of course, offered his hand to assist his companion to alight.

"I would explain further, monsieur," continued the stranger. "I am Lady Melville."

De la Tour bowed. By the beauty of the speaker he was positively dazzled, and accepted with delight an invitation to call.

"My name is Frederic de la Tour," he said; "I am only a struggling artist."

The singular meeting described had resulted, as has been said, in the marriage of de la Tour.

"Come and sit beside me," continued Madame de la Tour. "I have something to say, but cannot speak while you remain kneeling. It is quite a story and must be told to you."

Frederic obeyed.

"Once upon a time," continued Madame de la Tour.

"I knew you would tell me some fairy story," exclaimed the young husband, "but while you speak it is music to me."

"Nay, listen to me my friend. Once upon a time there was a young girl born of parents who had once been rich. At the age of fifteen she was brought to Paris by her father, who found that at Lyons he was gaining but little money. For four years that father struggled valiantly against adversity, but finally illness seized him. To be brief, dear Frederic, he died in a hospital, and soon the poor mother followed, and the young girl was left here alone. Had there been a fairy in the story I relate, she certainly would have appeared, but there was none. The girl was in Paris without relatives, without friends, and crippled by debts which she had no means to pay. She sought work, but obtained none. Vice extended her arms, but there exist souls whose instincts are so honest that they shrink from even the thought and

can remain patient even while suffering.

"Time passed. At length every cent was gone, and for twenty-four hours no particle of food passed her lips. Oh! Fred, you who have never known hunger and misery, cannot understand the suffering I might picture, cannot know the pain endured when forced to beg, and yet to implore alms the girl was compelled. At dark one evening she crept forth from her lodging; the night was cold and rainy. In her desperation she accosted a young man, who halted, searched his pockets, and then threw her a coin. The stranger did not deign to touch her hand; the look of misery and distress offended his eye. At this instant a gentleman perceived the girl.

"Come," he said, "I arrest you for begging. You will follow me to the lockup."

"At these words a cry of despair was wrung from the unfortunate woman. Quickly the young man interposed.

"This young girl is an acquaintance of mine; I know her; there is no begging in the question. Come," he continued, addressing the trembling woman, "it is time you were at home. Do not fear; it was only a mistake on the part of this good guardian of the peace."

"Leaving on the arm of the stranger, the girl walked on.

"Do not fear, Mademoiselle," whispered the young man, placing a purse in the hand that lay upon his. I will accompany you until we are out of sight of this Cerberus."

"Why, I remember the girl!" exclaimed de la Tour.

"And also know the man?"

"I do. It was no other than myself."

"True. As we passed beneath one of the street lamps, I saw your face, and its every feature became impressed in my mind. You had saved my life—perhaps my very honor—and I had reason to remember you."

"To remember me?"

"Indeed, yes. You little thought that the woman to whom you gave alms and protection would become Lady Melville, and see your future wife."

"This does indeed seem like a dream," replied de la Tour.

"To you; but to me it is reality."

"And you, so beautiful, so truly lovely, basking in the open street?"

"Once, and once only."

"I did not see your face."

"No, for it was covered by a heavy veil. On the following day—one, in fact, that I regard as one of the happiest in my life—an old lady in whom I had fortunately inspired confidence and some interest, engaged me as her seamstress. My gayety returned. From the service I have named I was raised to the position of champion and confidential friend. One day I was presented to an acquaintance of my patroness, Lord Melville. He was a man about sixty, tall, thin, but of dignified bearing.

"Mademoiselle," he said, addressing me, "I know your history; will you marry me?"

"Marry you? I questioned, much surprised."

"Yes; I have an immense estate, which I do not wish my nephew to inherit. My health is delicate and my life lonely. If I can credit all I have been told you are good and pure. Will you become Lady Melville?"

"I loved you, Frederic, who knew nothing of my existence, I loved you, although I had seen you but once. I could not forget, and there was something in my heart and soul that told me we would meet again, that our lives would run in the self-same current; how I know not, and yet I felt sure. When I looked at Lord Melville, and saw his resolute expression of face, I feared he wished to marry me in order to carry out his revenge."

"His persuasions were redoubled. I knew that his years were many, and that my fortune would be great. I thought of you and how I could benefit you did I possess wealth, and at length I yielded consent—I became Lady Melville."

"How strange it all seems," replied de la Tour.

"Yes, dear love, as you have said, like some fairy tale. I, a poor, friendless orphan, became the wife of one of England's richest peers."

"Happy Lord Melville!" exclaimed Frederic; "he had the power to enrich you."

"He was happy," continued Madame de la Tour, "and never regretted his choice. He knew that I had seen you before our marriage."

"You told him?"

"Yes, all. It was not until after my marriage, Frederic, that I again saw you, and although we soon learned to read each other's hearts our lips were silent. Lord Melville was wealthy beyond my wildest expectations. He could not spend his income, and with that wisdom peculiar to him he realized that while the difference in our ages rendered love impossible, gratitude would attach me to him. Three months after our marriage Lord Melville died, leaving me all he possessed, and I resolved never to marry again, unless I could espouse the man who had always held my heart."

"And you won the love of that man?"

"Without his knowing me to be the beggar woman his kindness had protected," rejoined Louise de la Tour, extending her hand. "You remember," continued the speaker, "that I refused the purse?"

"Yes, you accepted but one coin."

"One only, and at the time I was almost starving."

"But it procured you food?"

"No," replied Madame de la Tour,

unclasping a ruby necklace that encircled her white throat. To this necklace hung an exquisite medallion.

"See, dear Frederic, I did not part with my treasure."

As she spoke she touched a spring and disclosed the coin.

"It is the one I gave you!" exclaimed de la Tour.

"Yes."

"And you retained it?"

"I would sooner have parted with life. I showed it to a baker, and asked him to trust me. He did so, and on the following day I was able to pay for the food his kindness permitted me to eat."

"Do you remember the day I met Lady Melville?"

"Yes, my dear; it was, the happiest of my life. I knew you, but you did not recognize me."

"Surely there has been a fairy in my life," replied de la Tour, thoughtfully.

"Why do you say so?"

"Because when you saw me first I was only a poor, struggling painter; but from the time of our meeting the tide changed, and prosperity visited me."

"Would you know the name of the fairy?"

"It was you, Louise!" exclaimed Frederic, joyfully. "You bought my picture?"

"Many of them, and have won your love?"

"Yes, my heart—my very soul."

Frederic de la Tour took the gold piece and pressed it to his lips. To that same bit of gold he owed happiness and fortune.

"While I am the fairy," continued Louise, "it is you, my dear love, who gave me the talisman."

A Queer Thing To Do.

In 1862 Maria Nutting was a servant girl in Hawley, Wayne county, Pa. She had an eventful life, and in dying, a short time ago, did a queer thing. In the year above mentioned Maria married a man named Samuel Helms. He was a worthless fellow for work, and was good for nothing in the world but to catch rattlesnakes and charm them, and travel with a circus side show. It was a disagreeable sort of business, and Mrs. Helms did not half like the idea of living with a snake charmer. Shortly after his marriage Helms went South, and the wife heard from him no more. Then Mrs. Helms left Hawley, and no one knew whither she had gone. Helms returned in two years and found himself wifeless. He resumed his wonted catching rattlesnakes in the wilderness of Pike county, and exhibiting at fairs. He finally drifted to Binghamtown, N. Y., where he opened a saloon, and there learned that his wife was in Dubuque, Ia., married to a man named Wilson. Helms went out to Dubuque to charm her back. He found her married and comfortable with a man of property. She told him she thought he was dead. Wilson gave her up, and she went back East with Helms. He was more worthless than ever, and failed to do anything for her support. She finally obtained a divorce from him and went back to Dubuque and remarried Wilson. He soon died, leaving her several thousand dollars. Mrs. Wilson went to St. Clairsville, Minn., and settled comfortably on her money. A man named Jennings—well to do—saw her, and would not let her rest in widowhood. She married him, and they had a son. Jennings died in 1875, leaving all his property to his wife and infant son. Last of all Mrs. Jennings died, and the queer thing which she did came out in this manner: The Erie railway train from the West stopped at Lackawanna, Pa., and a stranger alighted. He asked the first man he met:

"Is there any one here who knows where Samuel Helms lives?"

"Sam Helms the rattlesnake charmer?" said one.

"Yes."

"Well, he's been dead these five years."

"Then he has lost \$5,000," was the reply. The stranger explained that he was the executor of the estate of Mrs. Maria Jennings, who died and left her divorced husband the sum of \$5,000. It came too late for Sam, but it showed a last kind thought of his wife, who did not like his trade and could not live with him for very worthlessness. The infant Jennings of St. Clairsville, Minn., will get the \$5,000 that Sam Helms lost by dying too young. But it was a queer thing for that Nutting woman to do.

Rust.

Did you ever find lying in some neglected spot, buried among the grass, perhaps some old tool, which you remembered was sharp, bright and useful, but which is now covered with rust and useless? The rust and the dull edge have come of its long rest. Had it been constantly used it might have been broken, but it never would have been that dull useless thing while it lasted. It is just so with human beings. Inaction is worse for them than hard work. Unused talents rot. The mind that is never sharpened grows dull. One that has not done what he might find his power gone at last. Sometimes when the mind lies useless and hands are folded, the soul rusts also. I do not know St. Simon's history, but I doubt if he was as worthy a saint as many another, just because he lived at the top of a pillar, and to quote Miss Braden, "had his meals sent up to him in a basket." Had he come down for his food he might have found some chance of being useful. There is work in the world for every mind, heart and body.

### How the Digger Wasps Make their Homes

July came once more, and brought with it such warm, sultry days that it almost seemed as if no living creature could stir abroad. Nevertheless, there was a wonderful deal going on in our garden. Through the air and over the flower beds hastened hundreds of little people. Some lived in the trees and bushes, others in the ground, and all were hard at work.

One morning especially there seemed to be something unusual going on; the buzzing and humming was fairly deafening.

"Whirr-r-r! whirr-r-r! What was that great creature that darted past my face? And here came another and another; why, the garden was full of them!"

Big brown and yellow wasps these strangers were, and all in the most desperate hurry. Scores of them were already hard at work digging away at the firmly packed sand of the path.

Hardly had I settled myself before one of the wasps approached. She seemed searching for something, for she flew rapidly back and forth, now alighting for a moment—now darting away again. At last she dropped upon the ground close to me and began to bite the earth with her strong jaws. When quite a little heap lay before her she pushed it to one side with her hind feet, and then returned to her digging. In five minutes she had an opening big enough to get into; every time she appeared she backed up out of it pushing a huge load of sand as big as herself behind her. Soon all around the hole was a high bank of earth, and she found it necessary to make a path across, and push her loads over that. Two hours, hard work, and the house was finished. It was very simply planned, and had only one room down at the end of a long, narrow passage. But simple as it was, this little creature had done more work in the two hours than a man could do in a day. That is of course, taking her size into consideration. And she did not even now stop to rest. Not she! With one last look into the house to make sure she was leaving all as it should be, she flew away. In a moment her strong wings had taken her quite out of sight, but it was not long before she reappeared. Back and forth she hastened, at one moment flying through the grape arbor, at the next wheeling above the cabbage bed. All this time the object of her search, a fat young locust, was quietly sitting on a gate-post, quite forgetting, as even locusts sometimes will, that he had an enemy in the world.

A moment later and the wasp's sharp eyes had found him out, and then, quick as lightning, she darted down upon him, and pierced him with her sting. When the locust lay perfectly still, the wasp seized him and flew off. Arriving at her hole, she tumbled him head foremost in at the door, expecting him, of course, to fall quite to the bottom. But her calculations had been slightly in fault; the locust was too fat to go in; and there he stuck, with his head and shoulders in the hole, and his body in the air. Here was a dilemma! But my wasp friend was evidently not one to be overcome by difficulties of this sort. She flew off again, and this time returned with two other wasps; they crowded round the hole, and began digging away the earth which pressed close about the locust. In a short time they seemed satisfied, for they stood up and pushed at the object of their toils. Slowly he slid down out of sight, and she who had brought him hurried after. She laid an egg close to him in her house, then, hurrying up, began to carry back the earth she had before taken out, and in a short time the door was securely closed. Then she scraped away and patted down all the loose earth, till she had made it quite impossible for any evil-minded creature to find any traces of her home.

The wasp knew very well that her egg would soon hatch out; that the little white grub, her chick, would at once begin to feed upon the locust, which would supply food till the young one was full-grown.

History and Uses of Gunpowder.

Who invented gunpowder?

No one knows. All agree that its composition and properties were understood in remote antiquity. Authentic history extends but a short way into the past, and it is always difficult to draw the line separating the authentic from the fabulous. Like some other things, gunpowder, as ages rolled on, may have been invented, forgotten, and reinvented. Certainly in some form it was known and used for fire-works and incendiary material long before any one dreamed of a gun, or of using it to do more than create terror in warfare. And yet it is said that some of the ancients had means of using it to throw destructive missiles among their enemies—probably a species of rocket or bomb. Nor does it seem, in its infancy, to have been applied to industrial purposes, such as blasting and quarrying rock, for there is evidence that the people who used it for fire-works at their feasts, quarried immense blocks of stone by splitting them out of the quarries with hammers and wedges.

Its first uses probably were connected with the religious ceremonies of the pagan people. An old tradition taught that those were the most powerful gods

who answered their worshippers by fire. The priests, therefore, who practiced upon the credulity of the people, exercised their ingenuity in inventing ways of producing spontaneous fire, which they told the people was sent by the gods from heaven in answer to their prayers. The accounts of old writers still preserved and dating back to three hundred years before Christ, describe a "sulphurous and inflammable substance" unmistakable like our gunpowder. There was a certain place called the "Oracle of Delphi," once visited by Alexander the Great, where this kind of fire was produced by the priests, and it is said that the Druids, the ancient priests of Britain, also used something of this sort in their sacrifices, for they not only produced sudden fire, but they also initiated thunder and lightning, to terrify the people with their power. This must have been more than two thousand years ago. It is known that the Chinese, on the other side of the world, had gunpowder about the same time, but they used it chiefly for fire-works, which then, as now, formed the main feature of all their festivals and ceremonies. In India it was early used in war, for a writer who lived about A. D. 244 says: "When the towns of India are attacked by their enemies the people do not rush into battle, but put them to flight by thunder and lightning." It is said, too, that one of the Roman emperors, who lived just after the crucifixion of Christ, "had machines which imitated thunder and lightning, and at the same time emitted stones." Then, about A. D. 220, there was written a recipe "for an ingenious composition to be thrown on an enemy," which very nearly corresponds to our gunpowder. During the many hundred years that follow, little is recorded until about the ninth century, when there appears in an old book, now in a Paris library, an exact recipe for gunpowder, and a description of a rocket. It is said that in 1099 the Saracens, in defending Jerusalem, "threw abundance of pots of fire and shot-darts,"—no doubt some kind of bombs and war-rockets. History affords accounts of other wars about this time, in which gunpowder was undoubtedly used in some form. But in 1216 a monk, Friar Roger Bacon, made gunpowder; and it is asserted he discovered it independently, knowing nothing of its existence elsewhere. It is not unreasonable to believe this, for in those days people kept their inventions to themselves if they could, and news traveled slowly. Some authors say a German named Schwartz discovered it in 1320, and perhaps he did, too, and as honestly and independently as did Friar Bacon, or the East Indians, or the Chinese. Others insist that it was invented originally in India, and brought by the Saracens from Africa to the Europeans, who improved it. At any rate, an English gentleman who has made a











